

I was stationed at Agra during the Calcutta disaster in 1817, one of a mere handful of British troops, left in charge of the wives, sisters and daughters of the actors in that most unhappy expedition. And a weary, heart-breaking time it was. The Lieutenant Governor, who had prayed and besought the Calcutta authorities not to risk the adventure, had the worst forebodings for its fate; and although he did all an able, kindly, well-mannered man could do to maintain the drooping spirits of the circle, those who knew him could read too well what his fears were. Words could not describe—indeed, it is painful for me even now to recall—the dreary wretchedness of that fatal month, during which no tidings came of the devoted army. Evening after evening saw the roads crowded by anxious women, sitting there for hours that they might hear the first news of those who were dear to them, and evening after evening saw them return in despair. And when at last the news came that the sole survivor had staggered, half alive, back to his countrymen with the tidings of the great disaster, the wall which ascended from those heart-broken creatures, I shall never forget.

There had been a captain in one of the native regiments, and an old acquaintance of mine, of the name of Donnelly—Jerry Donnelly, as he was called by every one. He was careful to explain to all his friends that his name was Jerome, and not Jeremiah, though why he so unduly preferred the saint to the prophet I never understood. Jerry Donnelly, however, was as strange and eccentric a creature as ever breathed. He was a very good-looking fellow and a first-rate officer, but a careless, reckless, half-mad madcap of a man, with an amazing flow of spirits, little education or culture, a great, almost miraculous talent for languages, with a soft heart and an easy temper. It was impossible to make him angry; and in all circumstances, however unpleasant, he maintained a placid serenity, which seemed to imply that he was on intimate terms with fortune, and knew the very worst she could do.

Among the other tricks that the fickle goddess had played him was that she had married him. Why he ever married as he did no one could imagine. The lady was neither handsome, clever nor rich. She was simply passable as good looks, with the liveliness of good health and youth—a quality not unapt to develop itself in a vivacity of temper when these other attributes disappear. But, on some impulse, Jerry Donnelly asked her the momentous question, and had been favorably answered.

A most uncongenial couple they were. Jerry, from the very first, neglected her—not intentionally, I believe, but simply because for the moment he forgot her existence. It never seemed to him necessary to alter his bachelor round in any respect, and as the lady had no notion of being neglected, she resented his indifference and chafed out a line for herself. It may be easily supposed that the one was not averse to brandy and water, or the other to gossip and flirtation. They never quarreled outwardly, but were hardly ever together.

Thus stood the domestic circle, if such it could be called, of Captain Donnelly, when he was ordered on General Elphinstone's expedition. His wife would fain have remained at Calcutta, but, as all the wives were going to Agra, she, for very shame, was obliged to go there also. On the first rumors of the disaster she was very indifferent—said she was sure Jerry would turn up at the most inconvenient time, and that if he was happy she was. When, however, the tidings were confirmed and it was certain that Jerry had perished with his comrades, a great change came over her. She shut herself up for months, saw no one and went nowhere. And when, at the end of nearly a year, she began to look at the world, she was a grave, thoughtful, sorrowful woman. I never saw her again until I came on furlough in 1847. She was then living in a pretty place in Somersetshire, and was known as Mrs. Courtney, of Brantley Hall.

I met her accidentally, but she was very glad to see me, and explained to me what I had not heard, that when she had arrived at Calcutta she found that poor Jerry had, four months before, left Agra, succeeded to this place at Brantley Hall by the death of a distant rela-

tion. He had previously made a will, leaving her all his worldly goods, then slender enough, so that in the end this fine estate had come to her, and a new name with it. She asked me to come down and see her, which I did, and learned more of her history.

Sorrow and prosperity had greatly changed her for the better. Even her looks had improved, and she was a pleasant, thoughtful, agreeable woman. She had remained four years in Calcutta before she returned, but at once assumed the name of Courtney, which was the condition on which the bequest was made. "You know, Colonel Hastings, I could not have lost the estate, for what would poor Jerry have said when he came back?"

"I thought the woman's head must have been affected by her troubles," said nothing.

"I see you think me deranged, but I knew he was alive all the time."

"Why, what could have led you to think so?"

"I saw him," Colonel Hastings. "It was in our old bungalow at Calcutta, about two years after I got back. Late in the evening I heard a footstep outside which strangely affected me. I was lying half asleep, and, starting up in a drowsy state, I heard a voice on the veranda inquiring, as I thought, of my stupid old native whether I lived there. The steps then turned away. I darted to the casement, and although the figure was clothed in the most extraordinary compound of European and Asiatic garments, I am sure it was Jerry. I darted down stairs and rushed out, but the man had disappeared. The servant said he was a bad fakir, and wished to get in the bungalow, but could or would tell nothing of what he had said. But I am quite sure it was Jerry. So I am certain he will come back—but you remember he never was punctual." She added, with a faint smile.

I did not say to her that if Jerry was alive she must have heard of him in some other way; but I took leave of her, and shortly afterwards returned to India.

In 1853 I was appointed to an embassy to Nepal, a very striking country, governed by a powerful, warlike race. The first vizier or minister of the country met us, as in the Nepalese fashion, outside the capital, and we had a very courteous and gratifying reception. He was a tall, handsome man, with a flowing black beard, and conversed with me in Persian, which I spoke fluently. After our interview one of the attendants informed me that the vizier wished to see me alone, and he accordingly conducted me to an inner apartment. He ordered attendants to withdraw, and then, in tones only too familiar, he exclaimed:

"Well, Hastings, my boy, how go the Plungers?"

It was Jerry Donnelly, by all that was miraculous. I had observed him staring earnestly at me during the interview, and something in his features seemed not unfamiliar to me; but his flowing beard, solemn air and Oriental dress so well disguised him that, even when I heard the well-remembered voice, I could scarcely realize his identity.

"But what on earth are you doing here, Jerry?" said I, "and why don't you go home to your wife, like a Christian?"

"My wife! well, that's the whole affair. You see, she's somebody else's wife, so I'm better out of the way; it would be a pity that poor Sophy should commit bigamy."

"I assure you, you are entirely mistaken. Mrs. Donnelly has not married again."

"Hasn't she, though?" said he. "Don't I know better? Didn't I go to my bungalow and find out that she had married that starched fool Courtney, when she knew I never could endure him?"

To his intense astonishment I told him how the truth was, and in return he related to me his own adventures. He had been carried in a palanquin to Tartary, and there detained for three years, when he was allowed to accompany a caravan or body of pilgrims to Nepal. Being by that time a proficient in the language he was taken notice of at court, but very strictly watched. He effected his escape, however, disguised as a fakir, and made his way to Calcutta; but finding, as he thought, his wife married again to a man in his old regiment, he returned, was taken into favor, and had risen to his present distinction.

"Well, I always was a blundering fool, but I went home with a heart so soft to Sophy, and vowing that I never would vex her any more with my vagaries, that when I heard her

called Mrs. Courtney I was turned to stone, and did not care a rap what became of me, not even to be made a vizier, which I assure you, Charlie, is no joke in its way."

"Well, at all events you must come home now, and enjoy your good fortune."

"I am not sure about that," said he. "Recollect, she has grown accustomed to be mistress—I have grown accustomed to be vizier; she won't like to be contradicted, and it's a thing I never could bear, and what I never allowed on any account. Now, if I went home, she would not be mistress, and, as sure as fate, she would contradict me. Maybe it is better as it is."

"I have been thinking," he said, "of all that strange story you told me. I am all changed since we parted. I hardly know myself to be the same man I used to be, and am not sure that I could treat Sophy well. But ask her to come out here, and then she can try. If she likes me in this outlandish place, I will go home with her; if we quarrel here, no one will be a bit the wiser, and I can continue to be dead."

"But," said I, "have you no imbecilities? Perhaps she might object to the details of your establishment."

"Not a bit," said Jerry; "I have none of your Eastern prejudices; let her come, and she will find no body to disturb her."

She did come, and, after living in Nepal for two years, brought Jerry back in triumph to Brantley Hall; and such is the true version of a tale which made some noise in the world a few years ago.

How \$5,000 was Found in a Tree.

A treasure up a tree was seen in the watches of the night by a peddler, who was sleeping in a farmhouse in the Shenandoah valley. He told his dream to the farmer next morning, and on three successive nights he had the same vision. Then he prevailed on the farmer to accompany him to the forest, where he pointed out a large oak tree as the one he had seen in his dream. It was apparently sound at the butt, but about twenty feet up a limb had been broken off. The farmer did not feel like humoring what he supposed to be a superstitious whim, but the old fellow seemed to have confidence in his vision, and offered him one-half the spoils if he would help him cut down the tree. When the tree fell, there was a rattle of coin near where the limb had been broken off, and a small hollow was found there. By a little chopping a larger cavity was found, and within was a mass of silver. Both seemed wild with delight, and on counting up found that the pile amounted to \$5,000. The peddler expressed his unwillingness to carry around so much silver in his pockets, and inquired where he would be likely to get greenbacks for his share. The farmer, having considerable money in his house, immediately transferred to the peddler \$2,500 in paper money and took charge of the entire lot of silver. The peddler disappeared, and when his partner attempted to pass some of the silver, lo! it was counterfeit. He was the victim of a gang of coiners.

Lynchburg, Virginia.

An Extinct Race.

THE MOUNDS AND MOUND-BUILDERS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

(From the Charlotte Observer.)

Perhaps a short account of two of the mounds found in North Carolina may throw some ethnological light on the history of this State, or at least interest your readers. While I was passing last spring along the Western turnpike which leads from Asheville to Murphy, in Cherokee county, I saw these wonderful and mysterious relics of a pre-historic race. Just before you come to the beautiful and thriving little town of Franklin, in Macon county, you cross the Tennessee river on a covered bridge, and on emerging from it a beautiful, verdant, level valley, a half mile wide, spreads out before you. The turnpike leads through a lane, and just to the left of it and hard by, and about a quarter of a mile from the river is mound number one. When I first observed it I was sure it was a fortification, a relic of the late "unpleasantness" between the States, but on approaching nearer to it I soon discovered my mistake. I afterwards visited it and gave it a close inspection. Its shape is that of a cone, flattened on top; the sides ascending at an angle of about sixty degrees. Its circular base is about one hundred feet in diameter, and its height about thirty feet. On

its eastern slope the angle of ascent is much more oblique, and the mound extends out some thirty feet from the circle of its base, so as to form an easy access to the top from the gently rising eastern slope. The mound is perfectly flat on top, and its whole external surface is covered by a luxuriant sod of blue grass; the material of the mound is rich alluvial soil of a dark-brown color. There is no clay or rock in it. Some years ago a trench eight feet was dug through one side of it to the center, in search of ancient relics. One earthen pot, holding a couple of gallons, and many fragments of broken pottery were found, and a few pieces of human bones scattered through the dirt. No arrows or beads, or other relics peculiar to the Indians, were found, that I could hear of. The fragments of pottery, of which I picked up numerous specimens, were nearly all ornamented, with rude carvings on the outer surface and moldings on the mouth of the vessel.

Valley river," about fifty miles west of Franklin, near the turnpike, and just before you come to the first crossing of the river, and is in Cherokee county. It is not so high by one-third as the one near Franklin, but it is of the same general shape, and composed of the same material. It seems to have been worn away by the action of freshets or been thrown down. A trench was driven into this one also, with like results as those attending the other. There is no distinction between them except in size. There are beautiful and picturesque views from the top of either, extending far up and down the luxuriant valleys in which they are situated.

INDIAN LEGEND.

The Indians have this singular and interesting legend with regard to their use and construction. The Cherokee say these mounds were built by the Creeks, who preceded them in the occupation of this region. That every season when the Indian corn was coming into roasting ears, no one was allowed to cut it until there was enough for all, and that when that period arrived a time was fixed for the green corn festival; that it was then the duty of every family, after having extinguished the fire at their wigwams, to fill one basket with the green corn and one with the soil from their home, and to repair with them to the mounds. The soil was deposited in regular order on the mound, so as to preserve its shape, and then the medicine man produced new fire by friction of sticks, but as they thought, miraculously, which was kindled by the addition of much dry material placed on the flat top of the mound, and by this the corn was placed to roast, while they danced to rude music around it until it was done. Then the feast began, and they ate and danced and frolicked until it was ended. When they separated each one took a chunk of the new fire with him to his wigwam, and it was not allowed to go out or be extinguished until the return of the next year's feast.

Another theory is that these mounds were erected by sun worshippers; that the ascent to the mound being always on the eastern slope, allowed the devotees to approach the top facing the setting sun in the west, and that he knelt to do it homage, and worship as it sunk from his view behind the western hills.

These traditions are hardly sufficient to raise a conjecture as to their real origin and purpose. Further west, in the Mississippi valley, some copper relics have been found in the mounds, and layers of human skeletons, showing that many of them were used as burial places for the dead. In other places these mounds are enclosed by regular lines of earthwork fortifications, with redoubts and embankments of most approved style, which has led many to believe that these particular mounds were used as elevations from which to hurl missiles of destruction. In one has been found a rude representation of a miniature temple, with a carved stone representing the statue of some hideous deity, but not enough has been found among all the mounds upon which to base a reasonable hypothesis as to the history or outcome of the lost race who originated them. In the report of the Smithsonian Institution for the year 1870, the curious reader can find the reports of many persons describing these wonderful structures, and they are there illustrated by pictures, diagrams, and each contributor gives his own opinion in regard to them.

New York Correspondence.

(Correspondence of the Raleigh Observer.)

New York, Jan. 18, 1879.

Messrs. Editors.—The Military Convention has completed its labors, perfected a bill to be submitted to Congress, and adjourned. It was treated with exceeding consideration and hospitality here. Judging from the city papers, your Adjutant-General Jones seems to have been its leading spirit, having had more influence in shaping its legislation than any other member. Even the World, which generally manages to ignore North Carolina and North Carolina's affairs, has this credit. The substance of the proposed act of Congress is that every able-bodied citizen between 18 and 45 shall constitute the militia, but the militia shall be divided into two classes: the active, to be known as the National or State Guard; and the inactive, to be known as the Reserve Militia. The National or State Guard shall consist of such regular uniformed and enlisted troops in the several States and Territories as are or may be organized therein in pursuance of such laws as have been or may be passed by the Legislatures thereof, and shall be liable to be first called out for service. The Reserve Militia may be enrolled in such manner as the Legislature may direct. They shall be liable to no active duty, except when called into service in time of war, riot or insurrection. In time of peace the number of the National or State Guard of each State, upon which such State shall be entitled to call for aid under the act, shall not exceed 700 regular uniformed commanding officers and enlisted men for each Congressional Representative.

In all things the greatest care was taken to avoid the controlling tendency of the times, and to preserve intact the rights of the States to control their own militia, the citizen soldiery upon which so much of the peace and good order of society depends.

An executive committee of three officers from each State was appointed, General Basil O. Mainly for North Carolina, and the next convention is to be held at St. Louis, by invitation, on the 30th September next.

I have all along considered the election of Gov. Vance to the Senate a foregone conclusion; and I trust that his career there will be as honorable, and as useful and as distinguished as his best friends wish, and have a right to expect; he will be a more popular and influential Senator than the very able one whom he will succeed. But it is due to the latter to say that he has been a true man, in no single instance swerving from fidelity to his party and his country, and working his way up from the position of an unknown man to that of one of the very ablest members of that body. The State and the country will have done well for him, the more especially as his withdrawal at the most opportune moment has harmonized the party and prevented that division which recent controversy had rendered so imminent. I scarcely know him, except in his public life, but in that he has earned my profound respect.

In an article headed "The Romance of the Pharaoh's World" the following curious statement is made: "The earliest entry of a pharaoh in the books of Broadway & Co., occurs in 1781. Not long afterwards, before 1790, John Jacob Astor displayed a little store in Gold Street, between Fulton and Ann, in this city, a sign bearing the legend, 'Furs and Pelts.' He also sold furs and pelts, and is believed to be the first man in New York who kept constantly for sale a supply of musical merchandise, the annual sale of which in this city is now more than five million dollars. Astor was the agent of Broadway, and there are now extant in New York old instruments kept as curiosities. The foundation of a granite forenoon from this beginning, he is indeed it is not far beyond the realm of the wildest romance."

What North Carolina Gave to

Grenada: Being List of Contributions to the Town of Grenada during last summer's plague of fever.

As an item that may be of interest to many, we publish North Carolina's contributions to the town of Grenada during last summer's plague of fever. The Grenada Sentinel contains a list of every contribution to the relief of the people of that place alone. North Carolina has this record: From the mayor of Wilmington, \$251.75; from the mayor of Newbern, \$65.75; Laurinburg, \$29; Greensboro, \$20; Goldsboro, \$33.95; R. R. Smith, Charlotte, \$100; J. S. Long, Newbern, \$60; Salisbury, \$21.25; R. M. Douglas, Greensboro, \$5.00; Col. J. W. Cotton, Turbott, \$100; Mr. Wilcox, \$23.95. Our State sent over twenty-fourth of the whole amount of the money sent to Grenada by all the United States and foreign countries. This is pretty fair for North Carolina, even not taking into consideration the amount of money distributed at other towns in the fever districts.

The High Countries.

(Continued from page 1.)

The wealth of the two richest countries of Europe—France and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—has been the subject of two very interesting papers recently published, one in London, the other in Paris. The French paper publishes the total public property of that nation at \$3,000,000,000, which includes public highways, local public buildings, institutions, and the property of the State—that is the palaces, the offices of the several ministries, with all their appurtenances, and the army, but not the navy, the author thinks it best to give no information, and not the railways, and other subjects of war, which, of course, cannot be valued. The estimate for the corresponding items in the United Kingdom is \$2,000,000,000. Of private property in France a total is given of \$43,110,000,000, which, added to public property, gives the gross total of the capital value of all French wealth, public and private, \$46,110,000,000, against a gross total for the United Kingdom of \$43,600,000,000, from which it appears that France is the richest country by \$2,510,000,000. It is noted that the value of realty in France far exceeds the value in England, while personally in England is far more valuable than in France. In discussing these figures the Saturday Review points out that certain items—as the value of highways (\$1,000,000,000)—are given in the French paper and not in the British; while a further check on the French figures are exaggerated. It takes pains, however, to add that when due allowance for exaggeration has been made "it is evident that France is a little behind Germany in wealth."

In the last ten years it appears that the wealth of France has increased \$7,500,000,000, giving an annual increase of \$750,000,000, so that the war indemnity, amounted to no more than the savings of sixteen months. The present national debt of France, great as it is, according to these figures, is only about one-seventh of her realized capital. It might be doubted and yet would be proportionately lighter than the English debt the year when Waterloo was fought.

Palestine to be Purchased.

The project, proposed some time since in Great Britain by leading Jews of the country to buy Palestine, is said to have been completed. The Rothschilds, Montefiores, and other prominent and wealthy financiers have added their efforts, it is reported, to the success of the undertaking and are moving energetically toward its achievement. The secretary of the association formed for the purpose, who is, by the way, a Christian, is, indeed, says that the Jews of the whole world seem to be in sympathy with the plan, and will do their utmost, individually and collectively, to further it. Those familiar with Palestine will not regard it as specially desirable for its main features are not very attractive. It is not an extensive country, not more than one hundred and forty-five miles long and forty-five miles broad, on an average, and ought to be bought cheap. The plain of Philistia is its best part, the soil being of rich brown loam, without a stone. It is now as it has always been, a vast grain field—an ocean of wheat without a break or fence. Its extraordinary fertility is shown by the fact that it has produced the same succession of crops year after year for forty centuries without artificial aid. Many Jews have already purchased small tracts of land, and are busy with the work of clearing and planting. It is not without a certain degree of surprise, rounded hills, and a dreary, desolate landscape, and is not so much for generations of the Jews regarding possession of Jerusalem, that is the main object. They certainly desire Jerusalem, and they are likely to obtain it.

What North Carolina Gave to

Grenada: Being List of Contributions to the Town of Grenada during last summer's plague of fever.

As an item that may be of interest to many, we publish North Carolina's contributions to the town of Grenada during last summer's plague of fever. The Grenada Sentinel contains a list of every contribution to the relief of the people of that place alone. North Carolina has this record: From the mayor of Wilmington, \$251.75; from the mayor of Newbern, \$65.75; Laurinburg, \$29; Greensboro, \$20; Goldsboro, \$33.95; R. R. Smith, Charlotte, \$100; J. S. Long, Newbern, \$60; Salisbury, \$21.25; R. M. Douglas, Greensboro, \$5.00; Col. J. W. Cotton, Turbott, \$100; Mr. Wilcox, \$23.95. Our State sent over twenty-fourth of the whole amount of the money sent to Grenada by all the United States and foreign countries. This is pretty fair for North Carolina, even not taking into consideration the amount of money distributed at other towns in the fever districts.











NOTICE OF TAKING STOCK,

For more information, contact the author at the address below.

**REMOVED TO THE GLO BUILDING.**  
**LADIES.**—We cannot describe and give  
 Anticipating a fine trade this season, we have bought largely, and now have  
 the pleasure of inviting your attention to  
**AN ATTRACTIVE AUTUMN AND WINTER STOCK**  
 at prices surprisingly cheap.  
 A beautiful line of Galleon and Hercules Brands, Ball and other Worsted Fringes, so  
 much in demand for Cloak and Dress Trimmings.  
 New styles in Buttons, Gloves, Hosiery, and a full line of  
 A full line of Ties, Germantown and Shetland Wools available on hand.  
 Have just added to our Stock a nice line of Perfumery, Hair Oils, &c.  
 We are particularly attended to our beautiful line of Glass and Java Ware, suitable for  
 Christmas and Birthday presents not removed, consisting of Toilet Sets, Vases, Card Stand  
 and a great variety of other articles.  
 At a distance we will be amply repaid by a visit to our Store.  
 In the selection of Goods the interest of the customer is kept constantly in view, know-  
 ing that taking care of those who buy of us is equivalent to taking care of ourselves, this  
 is, winning our customers' confidence and the continued patronage.  
 Respectfully,  
**J. BLICKENDEYER.**

**VARIOUS KINDS OF BOOKS**  
**SALEMAN BOOKSTORE.**

## REDUCTION IN PRICES

**REDUCTION IN PRICES.**

**SMITH JACOB**

Several Lots of School Books at Cost.

**LOTS OF MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS**

**AT AND SOME BELOW COST.**

**NOW IS THE TIME FOR CHEAP READING.**

**CALL AND SEE THOSE POPULAR**

**BLACK BASKETS,**

**SCRAP BOOK AND ALBUM**

## ONLINE

**ORNAMENTALS.**

**A FEW CHROMOS & STEEL ENGRAVINGS AT COST.**

**BOX PAPERS VERY CHEAP,**  
**Some as Low as 10cts. 15cts. and 20cts.**

**A VARIETY OF**  
**TARGET GOODS,**  
**CHEAPER THAN EVER.**

**Call and Examine our Stock.**

**L. V. & E. T. BLUM.**

**JOHN G. WILLIAMS, President, W. E. CROW, Vice-President.**  
**H. S. PRINCE, Secretary and Treasurer.**  
**I. DEVEREAUX, Supervisor.**

**NORTH CAROLINA**

**RALEIGH, N. C.**

INSURES ALL  
**Insurable**  
Against Loss or  
**On the Most Reasonable Terms.**  
Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid.  
Encourage Some Institutions.  
J. W. BRAD, Agent,  
at Knoxville, N. C.  
**FRET-WORK.**  
THE UNDERSIGNED invites the kind attention of his friends and of the public generally, to his large and varied assortment of **DESIGNS** for useful and

which he is prepared to make

[illegible]

A lease call at our dwelling on Church St., Salem N. C.; **A. L. OERTER**

1911